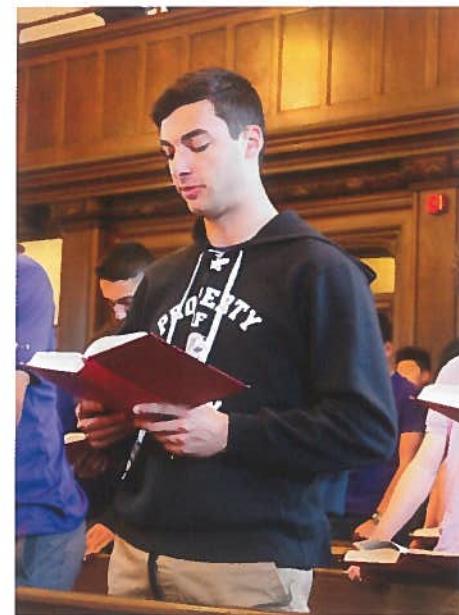


Cédric Matte



Justin Trudeau



This year was a year of last times for me. Although as sad as this might sound, overall it was an amazing year. The reason why I say it was a year of last time, is that after six years, this journey was coming to an end. Over the years, I have done some amazing stuff and met remarkable people. I'll miss orientation day when all the new students come in without a clue of what's going on around them. I'll miss one of BCS greatest tradition, Mountain Day, the one day of the year where we are to suffer during the ascension while being asked to meet as many new people as possible. The next day you don't feel your legs and you don't feel like doing anything when waking up, but guess what you got cadet camp right around the corner. Honestly, I think this year, as my last Cadet Camp, it couldn't have been better, Thanks to everyone implicated with the Cadet program at the school I got a helicopter ride, a tank ride, a combat simulation in a tank and obviously, my favorite to watch not to do for obvious reasons, the water tank, the simulation where the boat sinks, it always pulls a good laugh out of the NCO's and the prefects that are watching the new students interact. But, the one thing I'll miss the most would probably be my last roadies with the Hockey Boys when the Bus would get filled with laughs coming from the back, the trick that the guys would pull on the ones that are sleeping, and the long chats with CED, THEO, TODD, Mr. MACDONALD. I'd also like to get back all those crazy nights in the Hotels after we won. BUT more than anything I wish I could replay my final Home Game at BU against Stanstead, just so I didn't finish with a loss. I'll definitely miss that rivalry between our two schools, I don't think I'll ever play in such games ever again, like the one last year when students in the Stands started throwing candy, which forced the referees to stop the game for the time it took to clean the ice from candies that landed on the it. Small things like those that could seem of no importance to an outsider, is what defines BCS and its people.